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THE COSMIC AVENGER! **QUASAR**



IN BLAZING BATTLE WITH

THE

HUMAN TORCH

PLUS

WITHIN THESE
PAGES LURKS...

ANGLER



RYAN BULANADI

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

QUASAR

FAIRFIELD,
CONNECTICUT,
2:11 A.M. EST...



YOU ARE CERTAIN THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, QUASAR?

SURE, EON. IF I CAN'T TRUST MY OWN FATHER TO KEEP YOUR EXISTENCE A SECRET, WHO CAN I TRUST?

SAY, WHAT GOOD IS YOUR COSMIC AWARENESS ANYWAY IF YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF STUFF LIKE THAT?

THE WHIMS OF HUMAN NATURE ARE BEYOND ANY MEASURE OF CERTAINTY, MY YOUNG CHARGE.

ANGLES NOT FOUND IN NATURE

MARK GRUENWALD • PAUL RYAN • DANNY BULANADI • JANICE CHIANG • PAUL BECTON • HOWARD MACKIE • TOM DEFALCO
STORY • BREAKDOWNS • FINISHES • LETTERS • COLORS • EDITOR • EON IN CHIEF

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WE'D BETTER GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE SOME INSOMNIAC NEIGHBOR WONDERS WHAT THE **STRANGE LIGHT** WAS AND STARTS POKING HIS HEAD OUT.



HEY! WHO'S OUT THERE--?



IT'S JUST ME, DAD. YOUR SON!

W-W-WENDELL--?



MY DAD'S GOING TO HAVE A **HARD ENOUGH** TIME DEALING WITH ME BEING BACK FROM **URANUS** SO SOON. YOU WAIT **HERE** TILL I CAN TELL HIM THE **SCOOP**, OKAY?

MY FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS.



WENDELL? GOOD GOD-- CAN IT BE?



IS IT REALLY YOU, SON?

IN THE FLESH, DAD.

BUT **HOW???** WHEN I LOST **RADIO CONTACT** WITH YOU TWO DAYS AGO, YOU HAD JUST ENTERED **URANUS'S** ATMOSPHERE, AND--



A LOT'S HAPPENED **SINCE** THEN, DAD. LET'S GO **INSIDE**, LET ME GET SOMETHING TO **EAT**, AND I'LL TELL YOU **ALL ABOUT IT**.

O-O-KAY...



MAN, AM I **STARVED**. SEEMS LIKE A **LIFETIME** SINCE I LAST HAD SOLID FOOD IN MY STOMACH.

YOUR **GARB** IS DIFFERENT.

THAT'S THE LEAST OF IT, DAD. I'LL START THE STORY RIGHT NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND ME MUNCHING.



OKAY, YOU KNOW HOW YOU TALKED ME INTO -- UH, **SUGGESTED** I FLY TO URANUS IN ORDER TO INVESTIGATE THE ORIGIN OF MY **ENERGY-BANDS**...



"...AND HOW YOU OUTFITTED ME TO BE ABLE TO SURVIVE THE RIGORS OF A **SIX-YEAR ROUND TRIP** THROUGH SPACE...

"YOU ALSO KNOW I MADE IT TO THERE JUST A FEW **DAYS** AGO, SINCE I CHECKED IN WITH YOU BY **RADIO** AS SOON AS I WOKE UP FROM **HIBERNATION**.



"CONSIDERING URANUS IS 300 TIMES THE SIZE OF **EARTH**, IT DIDN'T TAKE ME AS LONG AS I **EXPECTED** TO HOME IN ON--

"-- THE ONLY **URBAN DEVELOPMENT** THE SEVENTH PLANET BOASTS. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE WHERE **BOB GRAYSON**, THE **ORIGINAL** WEARER OF THESE **ENERGY-BANDS**, GOT THEM, I FIGURED...



"... BUT THE PEOPLE WHO GAVE THEM TO HIM I FOUND **DEAD, FLASH-FROZEN** WHEN SOMETHING BURST THEIR **LIFE-SUPPORT DOME**.

"I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THAT MUCH TIME TO SIT AROUND AND **MOURN** FOR THEM, THOUGH. I WAS SOON VISITED BY THIS GUY WHO CLAIMED TO BE **RESPONSIBLE** FOR THE **URANIANS' DEATHS**--



"-- A NOT VERY PLEASANT CHAP CALLING HIMSELF **DEATHURGE!**

"THE **FACELESS WEIRDO** TRIED TO CONVINCE ME THAT I'D COME ALL THIS WAY TO COMMIT **SUICIDE**, SO HE WAS GOING TO **HELP ME OUT**.



"I TRIED WITH ALL MY MIGHT, FIRST TO **FIGHT** HIM, THEN JUST TO **GET AWAY**--

"-- BUT THE CREEP **SAW** ME WITH ONE OF THESE **EBONY ARROWS** HE KEPT PULLING OUT OF HIS **BODY!** MY WHOLE BODY TURNED **BLACK**...

"...AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WOKE UP IN *ANOTHER WORLD* WITH THIS BODILESS ALIEN BY THE NAME OF *EON* STARING DOWN ON ME.



"EON IS THE *EIGHT BILLION YEAR OLD* BEING WHO HAD THESE BANDS--THE *QUANTUM-BANDS*, HE CALLS THEM--MADE.

"EON SAID I HAD THE *RIGHT STUFF* TO BECOME THE *PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE*--HIS PERSONAL CHAMPION--AND BESIDES GIVING ME THIS *NIFTY NEW OUTFIT*--



-- HE REALLY OPENED UP MY HEAD TO THE FULL *SPECTRUM OF POWER* IN THESE BANDS. AFTER CONVINCING DEATHURGE HE WAS MESSING WITH SOMEBODY WHO DEFINITELY WANTED TO LIVE--



-- I POURED A WHOLE LOT OF ENERGY INTO *WARPING SPACE*--



-- AND MADE THE *3 BILLION KILOMETER TRIP BACK* IN A MATTER OF *MINUTES*. QUITE THE *QUANTUM LEAP*, HUH?

UH, DAD, YOU LOOK A LITTLE *SHELLSHOCKED*. WANT ME TO GO OVER ANY OF IT AGAIN?

NO...NOT JUST NOW, SON. WHERE DO YOU GO FROM *HERE*? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO*?



WELL, I'M GOING TO PROTECT THE *UNIVERSE* LIKE EON SAID.

DON'T WORRY. THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'LL BE OUT *PLANET-HOPPING* ALL THE TIME. ACCORDING TO EON, THE GREATEST THREAT TO THE UNIVERSE IS GOING TO ARRIVE RIGHT HERE ON EARTH.



GEE, ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO WORRY.

AS FOR MY GAME PLAN, I'M THINKING ABOUT SETTING UP A *SECURITY CONSULTANT FIRM* TO SERVE AS BOTH A SOURCE OF INCOME AND AS A COVER FOR MY "*COSMIC*" ACTIVITIES

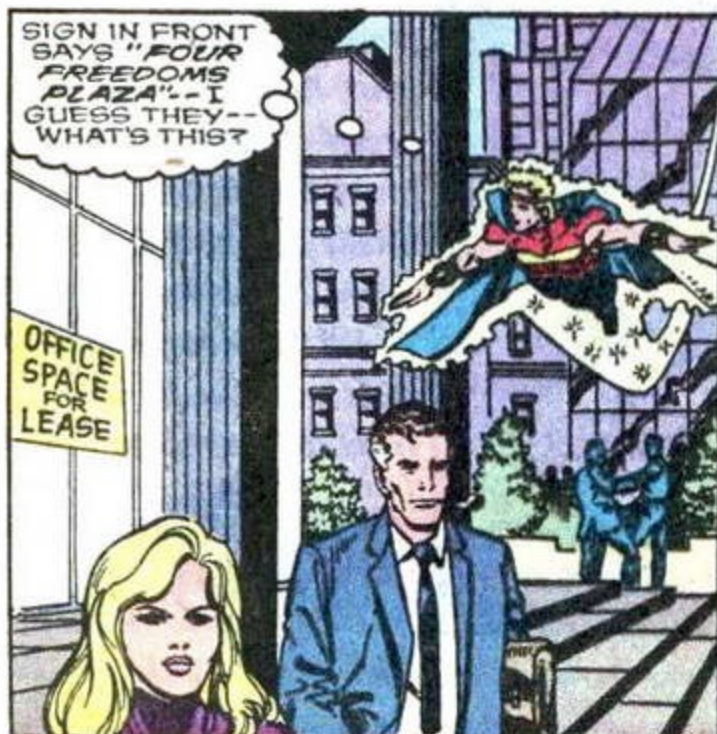
DAD--?



THEN I SUPPOSE THIS WOULD BE A *BAD TIME* TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE *ALIEN* IN THE GARAGE...!



I'LL--I'LL BE OKAY. THERE'S JUST SO MUCH TO *ASSIMILATE*...!





THREE DAYS LATER, AT FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...











AH, AND HERE.



WHOOPS. THE CAR'S DESCENDING BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO-- HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN OFF ALREADY.



WELL, I'VE COME *THIS* FAR. I'M NOT ABOUT TO TURN AROUND JUST BECAUSE IT MEANS *BREAKING* AND *ENTERING* THE WORLD'S FOREMOST SUPER-FAMILY'S HEADQUARTERS.

EASY DOES IT! DON'T WANT TO SET OFF TOO MANY--



URN
URN
URN
URN

--ALARMS. ULTRASONIC, BUT STILL DETECTABLE BY MY BANDS.



THERE IT-- HE IS! STILL DON'T KNOW HIM FROM ADAM!

HEY, YOU--EXCUSE ME! BUT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE HERE?

THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, YOU KNOW.



ONE OF THE FOUR!

NO, YOU'RE PROJECT!



HUH?

HOW'D HE--
Y!!!!

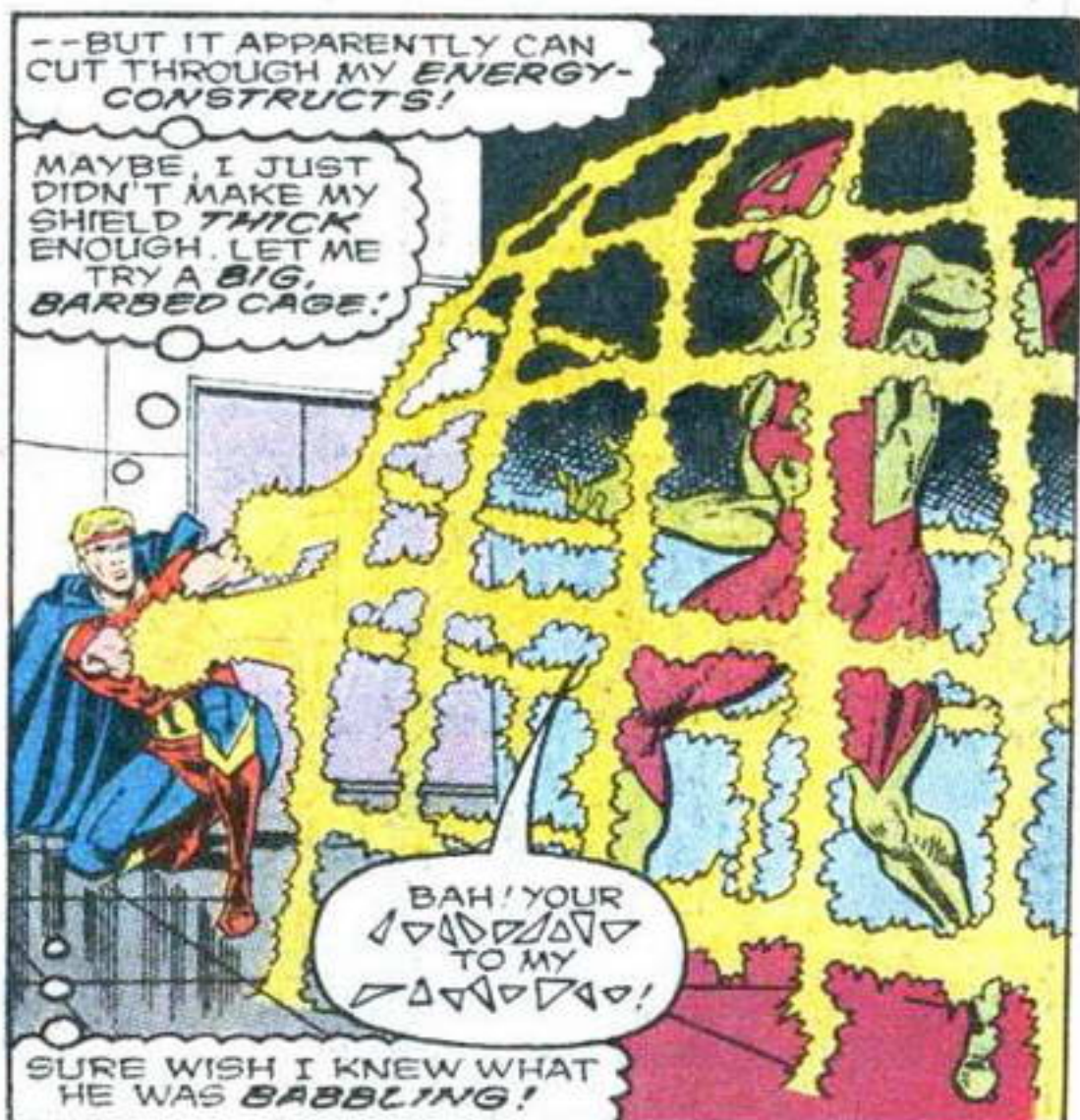


INSTINCTIVELY
PUT UP A SHIELD--
BUT HE SLICED
RIGHT THROUGH
IT SOMEHOW!



ENERGY
TO ME!

DON'T KNOW
WHAT THAT
TRIANGLE
ON HIS HAND
IS MADE OF--

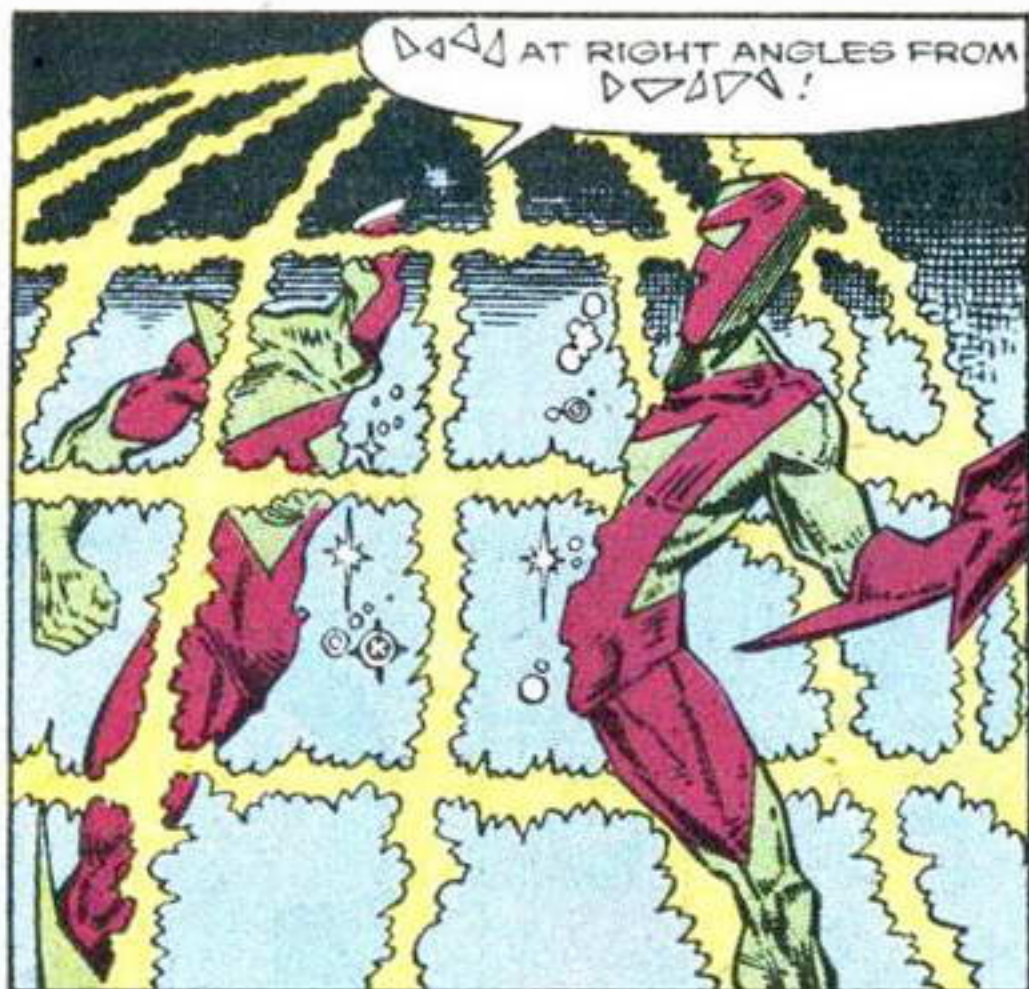


--BUT IT APPARENTLY CAN
CUT THROUGH MY ENERGY-
CONSTRUCTS!

MAYBE, I JUST
DIDN'T MAKE MY
SHIELD THICK
ENOUGH. LET ME
TRY A BIG,
BARBED CAGE!

BAH! YOUR
TO MY

SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT
HE WAS BABBLING!





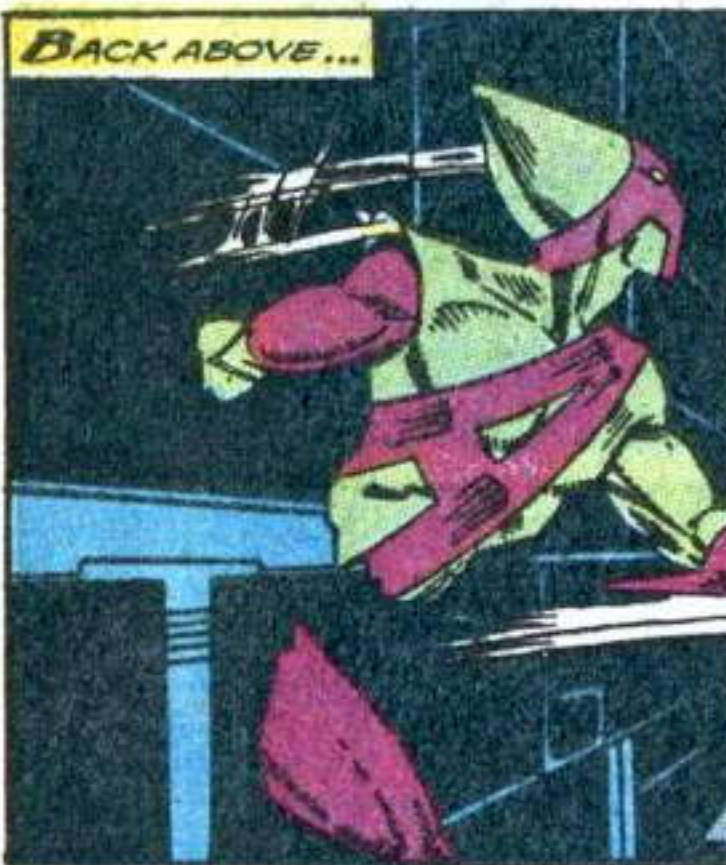
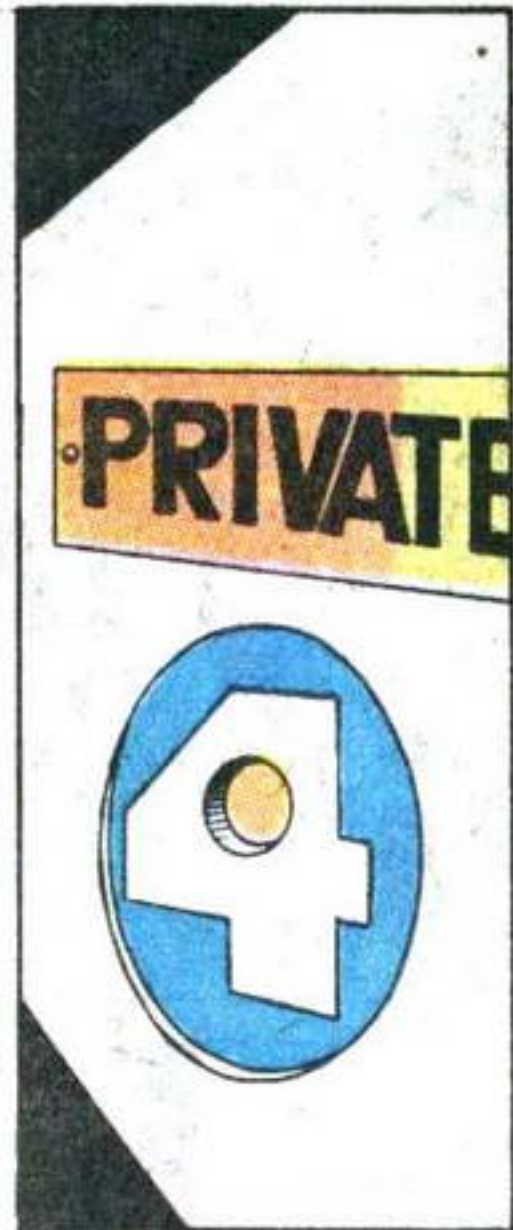
COME ON NOW, KAYLA-- IT'S A NICE BOSS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR--

--NOT A NEW BOYFRIEND.



REMEMBER, YOU WANT TO PUT THAT COMMUNICATIONS DEGREE TO GOOD USE AND GET ONTO A HIGH-PAYING CAREER TRACK BEFORE YOU HIT THE BIG THREE-OH.

STILL, BOSSES AND SECRETARIES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO HIT IT OFF.



BACK ABOVE...



HEY, YOU-- HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

MAY NOT BE ABLE TO WIGGLE THROUGH WALLS-- BUT I CAN STILL FOLLOW HIS ENERGY-TRAIL LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!

MEDDLESOME
THE ANGLER!



"ANGLER"? DID I HEAR HIM CALL HIMSELF THE ANGLER? SO THAT'S WHAT THE BIG A STANDS FOR!

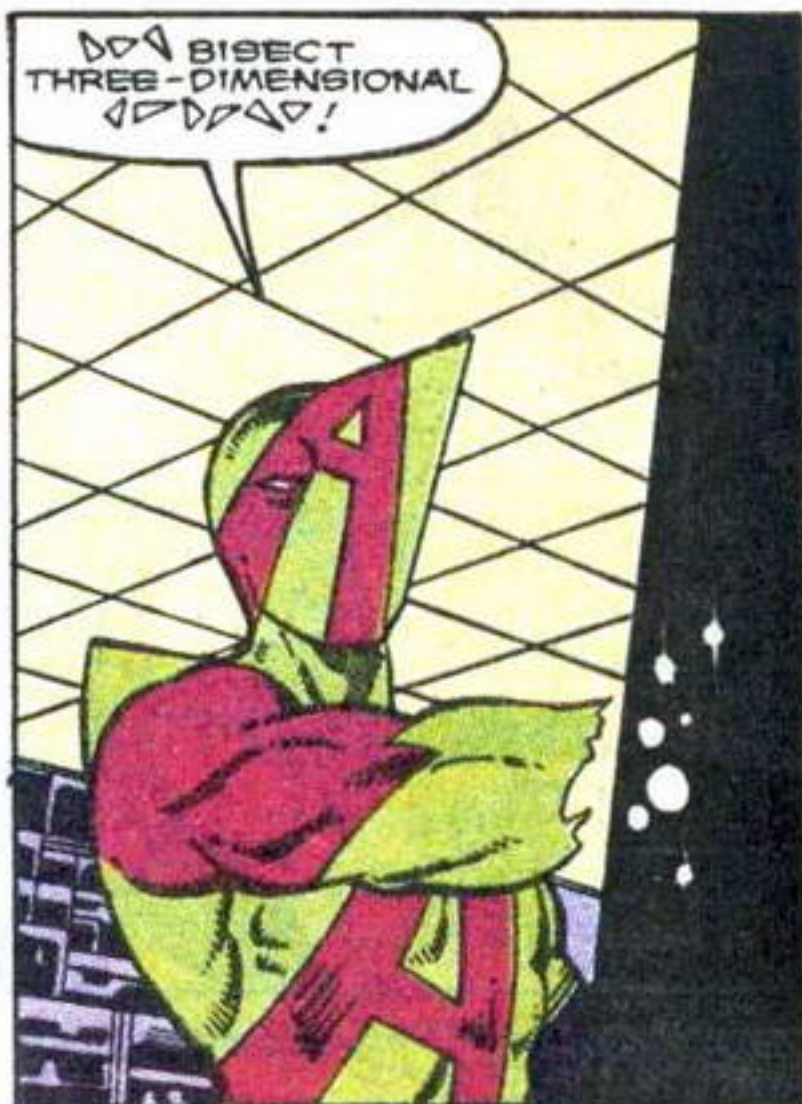
MISSED HIM!

COME BACK! YOUR EMBLEM'S ON CROOKED!

NUTS AND A HALF!

THE FARTHER WE INVADE THIS PLACE, THE GREATER THE LIKELIHOOD THE FF'S SECURITY IS GONNA STOMP US!







WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE CRUSADER! BACK FROM THE DEAD, ARE WE?

TORCH, WAIT -- YOU'RE MISTAKING ME FOR THE ORIGINAL GUY WHO WORE AN OUTFIT LIKE THIS!



I'M QUASAR, THE GUY WHO INHERITED HIS POWER-BANDS. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? I ATTENDED ONE OF THE FF'S CHRISTMAS PARTIES ONCE!



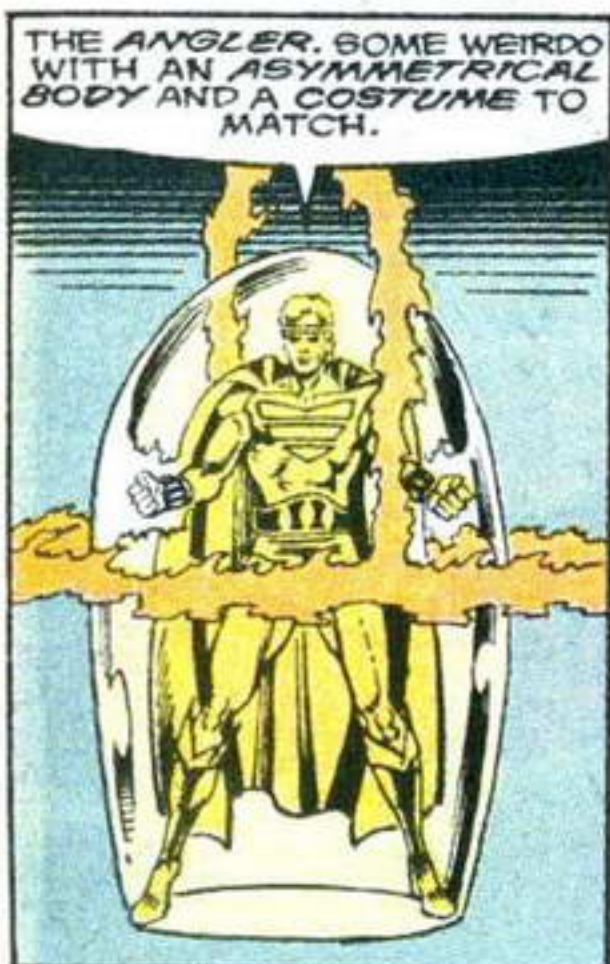
SORRY, MR. CAPE! ALL I KNOW IS YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, I'M GOING TO HOLD YOU UNTIL THE REST OF THE FF GETS HERE!

BAD IDEA, TORCH.



WHILE WE'RE HERE DOING THE "TWO HEROES FIGHT EACH OTHER OVER A MISUNDERSTANDING" ROUTINE, THE ANGLER MAY BE GETTING HIS HANDS ON WHATEVER HE'S COME FOR!

THE WHO?



THE ANGLER. SOME WEIRDO WITH AN ASYMMETRICAL BODY AND A COSTUME TO MATCH.



I SPOTTED HIM AND FOLLOWED HIM IN HERE.



HE LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE.

ME, I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP.

